

# The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the

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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1897

LONDON  
FOR SALE BY  
B. F. STEVENS  
4 TRAFALGAR SQ.

## Stevenson's Candidacy for a Professor's Chair

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in imagination and fancy played many parts. It ever interested him to carry on conjectural speculations as to how this or that calling would have suited him. He had a continual craving to taste strange and varied experiences. Thus he delighted to picture himself clad in imperial purple, ruling a great nation in pomp and magnificence, or wearing the ignominious garb of a convict and dragging out a weary and monotonous existence in some desolate region of the earth. At one time he would lament that he had not lived in the old baronial days as a court-jester, making all men merry with his jokes and pranks and administering satire and admonition in subtle turns of speech; or again, his chief regret would be that he had not been a gallant knight or troubadour of the days of old romance to wander through many countries in quest of rare and wondrous adventures. One of the projects which interested him most was that of forming a select band of artists, who were to live on a magnificent barge, voyaging through the rivers and canals of Europe, painting beautiful pictures on the way. As old age stole upon them, they were to direct their course to Venice, where they would arrive to be welcomed at the piazza of St. Mark's by the rapturous enthusiasm of a multitude of people, rejoicing to receive them after their long and honorable artistic life.

It will doubtless be a surprise to most people to learn that Stevenson at one time indulged in the sweet luxury of fancying himself as an occupant of a professorial chair, and they will certainly be filled with astonishment when told that the chair was in the department of history and constitutional law. Not even the wildest admirers of Stevenson's genius would ever think of associating him with such a position, for, though they might hold none equal to him in the power of portraying the romance of history, they could not place their hero on a pedestal behind a professor's desk, expounding the evolution and intricacies of constitutional law to a crowd of plodding college men. Stevenson did more than fancy himself in this position; he actually tried to obtain it. It was in the summer of 1881 that a vacancy was declared in the chair of history and constitutional law in the University of Edinburgh. The Stevenson family were then living at Kinnaird Cottage, Pitlochry, Perthshire, where the author wrote "Thrawn Janet" and "The Merry Men" and projected a volume of bogie stories in collaboration with his wife. The notice regarding the chair was read in *The Scotsman* by Louis's mother, who said to him, "I am sorry that that chair has become vacant just now, as I have always thought it was the one position in Edinburgh which would suit you." His reply was:—"I have never thought of it, but you are quite right, and I don't see why I shouldn't apply now." It was decided that he should make application at once. In trying to obtain a position in a Scottish university, it is necessary to collect testimonials from persons of prominence at home and abroad, who are qualified to speak in regard to the candidate's capabilities or standing. The testimonials are bound in the form of a pamphlet, and copies are distributed among those who have the power of filling the vacancy. Stevenson, following the traditional plan, at once wrote to his influential friends for their words of commendation. He was disappointed to find that most of them had already pledged themselves to other applicants. Still, though he was late in the field, he managed to obtain a few testimonials. As they arrived by the post, it was a source of much interest to the different members of the family to examine them. Stevenson used to say that it was as good as

reading one's obituary notices. Being the fortunate possessor of one of the very rare original copies of these testimonials, I am able to publish some of the most interesting of them. Leslie Stephen wrote as follows:—

"I have been familiar with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's writings for several years. Some of them have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which I am the editor. I have great pleasure in giving my opinion that they show very remarkable literary talent, and that I know no writer of Mr. Stevenson's standing of whose future career I entertain greater expectations. Although I have not had any opportunity of forming a judgment of Mr. Stevenson's more special qualifications for a chair of history, I know that he has paid attention to the history of Scotland; and from all that I have seen of him, I should think him admirably qualified to command the attention and respect of students, and to convey knowledge in the most interesting form."

Edmund Gosse sent the following:—

"My Dear Stevenson—It is with no surprise but with a great deal of pleasure that I hear you spoken of as a candidate for the vacant chair of history at Edinburgh. I have always considered that the retrospects and allusions to history which you have introduced into your books were among the principal of their attractions, and it delights me to believe that the sympathy for and insight into the past which you have always shown may now be exhibited upon a larger scale. That lucid, brilliant and accurate manner of presenting things, by which you have won so high a place in literature, and in the private circle of your friends, will be of infinite service to you in the educational portion of your task."

J. A. Symonds wrote as follows:—

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson appears to me to have several qualifications which fit him for holding a chair of history. The frequent conversations I have been privileged to hold with him on historical, literary and psychological topics, convince me that if those qualities of sympathy, analysis and scrupulous industry he possesses in a remarkable degree were devoted to the study of history, as hitherto they have been applied to pure literature, he could produce work no less excellent in substance than rare in style. He has already proved by published writings the delicacy of his language and the subtlety of his thought. He has the temperament of an artist who cannot acquiesce in work that falls below his own high standard. As a lecturer he is sure to interest his audience by his personality, and to arrest their attention by his mode of presentation. Though he has early made a mark in English literature by compositions which do not touch the province of a chair of history and constitutional law, this success, to those who know him, is no proof of incapacity to deal with severer intellectual subjects. At the same time, this success is a guarantee that he would treat grave studies with the fine touch and attractiveness which belong to a master of expression."

From Sidney Colvin came the following letter:—

"My Dear Stevenson—I am delighted to hear that you think of standing for the chair of history and constitutional law at Edinburgh. By temperament and character you are made to influence and attract growing minds, and your work in such a chair could not fail to be fruitful. The public at present know in you only the brilliant essayist and writer of tales and travels. Your friends, of whom I count it an honor to be one, may on this occasion be permitted to bear witness to the solidity of your studies and the luminousness of your insight in history, especially in the history of society and institutions. I should confidently expect from you in this department work as fine as that which you have already produced in others; more it would be difficult to say, and I cordially hope that you may be elected."

Andrew Lang's contribution ran thus:—

"Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has asked me to say what I think of his fitness for the historical chair in Edinburgh University. I have known Mr. Stevenson for many years, personally, and in his works. I think him the most ingenious and refined writer of his generation. Though most of his writings have not been engaged with history, he has occasionally touched on historical topics. In

these cases he has shown a remarkable power of lending life and movement to the past. I understand that he has for some years been occupied with studies of the religious, social and political history of Scotland and of the Highlands. If appointed professor, he would no doubt enrich literature with works on these themes; and it seems certain that he would succeed in engaging the interest and securing the affections of any class of young men with whom he might be thrown."

P. G. Hamerton wrote no less appreciatively:—

"I am quite incompetent to give an opinion with reference to the special work of the chair that Mr. Stevenson aspires to; but as every professorship requires the talent of clear exposition, and the power of awakening an interest in the professor's subject, I feel convinced that Mr. Stevenson's remarkable literary ability cannot be without great value in any professorship. His English has always seemed to me quite a model of elegant and cultivated style, entirely free from the opposite vices of pedantry and carelessness; and the little I have seen of him personally enables me to say that he talks as well as he writes. Besides this, I feel convinced that his pupils would soon be personally attached to him, and feel a desire to please him by making good progress under his direction."

The Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., the leading Scottish preacher, wrote as follows:—

"Your natural gifts form quite a singular combination. Your industry must have been incessant, for your reading has been both wide and deep, and has been pursued into many unfrequented regions in history, philosophy, ethics and pure letters. And, withal, your style is your own, and is unique in its many fine qualities. On all these grounds I think I am justified in saying that I for one look forward to receiving at your hands, circumstances being propitious, literary work of a brilliant and an enduring kind."

Other testimonials were obtained from the Rev. Dr. Tulloch, Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews University, Dr. Cameron Lees of Edinburgh, Prof. Sellar of Edinburgh University, Prof. Babington of Cambridge, and Profs. Baynes, Lewis Campbell and Meiklejohn of St. Andrews.

Stevenson did not obtain the chair, in spite of the good wishes of these friends, who, it is interesting to note, while recognizing his brilliant mind and his literary genius, were unable to say anything in reference to his special qualifications for the chair in question. What Stevenson would have done, had he been appointed, might form an interesting subject for speculation. In the opinion of those who love his record of consistent unconventionality, such a step would have been but a blot on his career. Even those who admit Stevenson to be one of the most fascinating and persuasive of the world's recent teachers, cannot bear to think of him hedged in by the restrictions and dignities which pertain to the seat of the academic pedagogue. Better far that defeat came to him, and that the way opened clear to the glorious life of letters which he adorned so well.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

J. C. WEBSTER.

## Literature

### "Marietta's Marriage"

By W. E. Norris. D. Appleton & Co.

IF THE SIN of lying consists in conveying false impressions, not in stating what is contrary to fact, Mr. Norris's account of English society is in the main truthful. His titled personages talk and scheme and air their petulance, or grunt their dissent, about as they should. The women are women, and the men are men, thoroughbred Englishmen, at that. But over and above all differentiation of character or variation of dialogue stands the author, who is apparently under bonds to make everybody who is not a downright fool, like Col. Vigne, as bright as everybody else. They all speak the smoothest, most faultlessly regular and splendidly null journalese—better journalese, by the way, than often occurs in an American novel. It is not, however, because of the author's manner alone that the story is at times colorless, or monotonous, or artificial. He has a way, at stated intervals, of accumulating the effects he has already created, that he

may have sufficient strands to tie a fresh knot. And one recognizes old melodramatic types in the interrupted intriguer, the vengeful victim, and the irate father handicapped by a secret held by the enemy.

The portraiture of Marietta is probably not to be taken seriously till her marriage. The daughter of an Englishman who had served in the Austrian army and of an Italian lady of the Magliacci family, she was a cynic before she was out of her teens. When Lionel Mallet, destined soon to be Lord Middlewood, first saw her in Ponte à Serraglio, his eyes, we are assured, "spoke to her in a language which her sex enabled her to interpret without the slightest difficulty." But she was less than half an Italian in her manner of meeting his advances, and from the first day of their love thought only of going to London and singing in drawing-rooms. Nor was she much more consistent when it was all arranged, and the Viscount, deploring so unequal a marriage for his son, turned Marietta over to his mother, the aged Lady Maria Halsted, and that orthodox obstructionist discovered, alas, that Lionel's *fiancée* was pretty, and the last redoubt was passed. She asked:—"What is the objection to me?" the boldness of which question betrays an utter lack of refinement, or else indicates an ingenuousness which her subsequent reticence and duplicity belie. It is only when she is married and fairly launched in English society, in other words, when Mr. Norris is on familiar waters, that she begins to show convincing signs of life.

Marietta had various crows to pick with her husband, but didn't pick them. He didn't confide to her that he was going into Parliament till she learned the fact from someone else. His first speech she thought heavy and unimaginative—because she was not asked to help him compose it, like Mrs. Sheridan. Just when she was tired of being always on the winning side, tired of a perpetual atmosphere of commonsense, and "must tell her miseries to *some one*," Strahan appeared, with whom she undertook a prolonged flirtation, which all but ended in an elopement. Strahan belonged to the pushing class and was at the beginning of a political career. In old Oxford days his name had been connected with the suicide of an unfortunate girl, Maggie Field, and he was only saved from a very awkward situation by the opportune disappearance of one Brydon, who served as a scapegoat. Marietta urged Strahan to stay in London and grow rich, while other people grubbed up money for him. He organized a company to work the Australian gold mines, Lionel becoming one of the directors. Thenceforward, until Strahan murdered Marietta's father, to whom Brydon had sold a bundle of letters which he had written to Maggie Field, Marietta and her cool-headed lover probed each other's hearts in harmless necessary trysts, and from about the same motive. At first, she felt only a satisfaction in making his strong will bend to hers, and a curiosity as to the nature of their future relations. "You have no heart," she cried, when she saw symptoms of his yielding. And his exclamation, "Confound the woman! does she imagine that she is going to make a fool of *me*?" found its echo later in her own momentary willingness to abandon all and follow him. Yet she always felt, as did everybody else, that she was never quite sure he was speaking the truth. And the moment Betty wrote her that in the meanwhile he had proposed to *her*, even before she learned of his arrest, she was quite sure she had never loved him. Mr. Norris implies that thereafter she was faithful in thought and word to her undemonstrative husband, whom she had so many times duped: will any one believe it?

Lionel's sister Betty is the only refreshing and sincere person in the book. She is horsey and slangy and bicycley—of a bouncing, masterful disposition. Her decision to "remain single and breed terriers" does not prevent her marrying; though meanwhile she scandalizes the community by riding a bicycle after dark without a chaperon, and regards herself in the light of a blemished filly at an auction.



### "Politics in 1896"

*An Annual. Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London: Grant Richards.*

THIS is an interesting and, in its way, instructive little volume, but it is not one that is likely to appeal, on the score of general utility, to a very numerous class of readers. In a little preface, the editor, Mr. Frederick Whelen, explains that "it was no part of his plan to prevent points of difference between individual contributors, or the overlapping of their subjects," thus anticipating and forestalling the most obvious criticism to be made upon the work as a book of reference. Considered in the light of a handy record of political dates and incidents to refresh the memory of parliamentarians, students or leader-writers, it cannot be compared, for convenience, compactness or general variety of information, with other annuals that might be named, as may be proved by a rapid glance at the diary and index which have been provided. Moreover, the diversity of views which it represents would be more likely to confuse than to assist the hasty or inexperienced reader. But these manifestations of political bias, expressed, for the most part, with a good deal of conscientious moderation, constitute the chief value of these essays, which are more or less special pleas, by trained intelligences, in behalf of party policies. It must be confessed that some of the conclusions and prophecies, on both sides, are scarcely justified by later events, but the risk of political prediction is nearly always extra-hazardous.

Mr. H. D. Traill, who holds the Conservative brief, boldly describing the whole Liberal party as radicals, ascribes the overwhelming victory of the Conservatives in the last general election to a public revolt against the "restlessness of revolutionary innovation," without venturing to be specific. The phrase is resonant and comprehensive, but not particularly illuminative. Of the intrigues and dissensions which shattered the Liberal party and drove Mr. Gladstone from office he has nothing to say. He makes the most, of course, of the energy and adroitness displayed by Mr. Chamberlain in his early management of the South African trouble, touching but lightly upon the awkward features of the Jameson raid. He points with pride to the prompt equipment of the "Flying Squadron," which undoubtedly gave present check to the plans of His Sudden Majesty of Germany, and dwells with justifiable complacency upon the well-managed expedition to Dongola, which demonstrated the unsuspected fighting qualities of the Egyptian fellaheen when properly disciplined and led. With regard to the part played by England in the Armenian business, he finds it more difficult to make out a good case, but, naturally enough, quotes Lord Rosebery, with good effect, in defense of Lord Salisbury's attitude, and suggests ingeniously that there would have been less disposition to believe in England's diplomatic humiliation if Lord Salisbury had assumed a less menacing attitude towards the Sultan in his famous Guildhall speech. The real point in this whole dispute, of course, is whether or not active interference in behalf of the wretched Armenians on the part of one Power would have resulted, inevitably, in a general European war, and that cannot yet be decided. Mr. Traill, as might be expected, ridicules fiercely the contention of Mr. Gladstone on this head. Of the muddle which the Tories made of their domestic legislation, especially of their great educational measure, he writes vigorously and fairly enough, ascribing it to the undue confidence of the Ministers in a huge but largely independent majority.

Mr. Traill holds that in the Venezuelan matter the British Government was fully equal to the occasion, whereas Mr. H. W. Massingham, who reviews the year from the Liberal point of view, awards to Lord Salisbury only the credit of the statesman who "puts his pride in his pocket." He is very severe upon the blunders which the latter committed in his earlier correspondence with Mr. Olney, and

says that Mr. Cleveland's message, "brutal as it was," blew all his "papier-maché" work into the air. He hints, without reference to any authority, that the happy issue of the negotiations was due chiefly to Sir William Harcourt. To that statesman and to Mr. John Morley he ascribes, also, the real credit of whatever justice was exhibited towards the Boers in the Johannesburg affair. Unfortunately for his reputation as a prophet, he jumps to the conclusion that the charter of Mr. Rhodes's company will be forfeited. What he may say a year hence of the outcome of the Parliamentary investigation must be left to the imagination. Everybody will hope that he is more correct in his assumption that "arbitration has been added definitely to the operation of general international law." The failure of the Education bill he regards, rather too hopefully, as a disastrous blow to Mr. Balfour's reputation as a leader. This opinion, too, probably will need revision in consequence of the Tory leader's recovery of prestige during the present session.

It is not improbable, moreover, that Mr. Massingham has been too hasty in his apparent conviction that Lord Rosebery is politically dead, although he undoubtedly convicts him of a certain inconsistency in his public utterances upon the value of the European concert. But the contradictions were separated by a twelvemonth, and in politics, even honest politics, it makes a good deal of difference whether a man is in or out of office. Of the prospects of the Liberal party he is not altogether hopeful. He points out that a party which cannot carry the great industrial centres cannot fairly claim to represent the laboring classes, but discerns an opportunity in the fact that "Toryism has lost its intellectual stability." British politics, he says, are "steeped in opportunist airs," which, after all, is but another way of complaining that the Tories are reverting to the old Palmerstonian dodge of "dishing the Whigs." In effect, the Tories of to-day are only moderate Liberals. What Liberalism wants, says Mr. Massingham, is the service of "more commanding talent than its opponent possesses." This sounds almost like a cry of despair, but it is true of every party that is for the moment in a minority.

One of the most entertaining papers in the book is that on Socialism, by George Bernard Shaw. It contains a vast amount of wholesome truth, expressed with characteristic point and vigor, but would have carried more weight if he had allowed less free play to his brilliant but often paradoxical humor. There are in it, however, isolated passages well worthy of note, as, for instance, that which points out the decay of revolutionary socialism, and compares the best organized courses of socialistic lectures to university extension addresses on political science. This is an exaggeration, but approximates to the truth. It has been made clear of late that the English labor-unions have no sympathy with any form of anarchy. The Liberals, probably, will be astonished to find that Mr. Shaw is very angry with them for failing to see that the unlucky Tory Education bill was really an effort to substitute Technical Education Boards for School Boards, and a move in the right direction. He supports his theory with much plausibility, but his potency as an advocate is much weakened by his inability to resist the temptation of making a witty reflection, without strict regard to sober fact. Nevertheless, he has the socialistic propaganda at his fingers' ends, and perceives the drift of proletarian sentiment both in England and on the Continent. It is a great pity that his solid attainments should be so disguised by his fatal facility of utterance and imagination.

Another remarkable article is that upon Foreign Affairs, by Mr. G. W. Steevens, who, apparently, is a Russophobe of the most confirmed kind. He sees Russian diplomacy triumphant everywhere—in China, Corea, Abyssinia, Paris and Constantinople,—and it must be admitted that the Tsar has been well served by his agents, although some of his most

promising plans may be spoiled at any moment by new combinations on the European chess-board. Nevertheless, Mr. Steevens thinks that Lord Salisbury has been fairly successful in rescuing his country from an awkward position by a policy of compromise and surrender. Like everybody else, he rejoices over the Venezuelan agreement and over the Arbitration Treaty, which he fondly regards as an accomplished fact.

The remaining essays are upon the British Army and Navy, by Capt. Maude and H. W. Wilson respectively; upon London, by Robert Donald, and the United States, by Albert Shaw. Of these the first three are of interest mainly to Englishmen. The fourth is a compact and comprehensive summary of American politics which will furnish clear and interesting information to English readers, and be useful for reference even on this side of the Atlantic. The matters discussed are of too recent occurrence and too familiar here to make prolonged reference to them necessary at this moment. It may be remarked, however, that American opinion is not quite so unanimous with regard to Venezuela and Cuba as Dr. Shaw seems to suppose. On the whole, as has been intimated, there is much interesting and instructive matter in the new Annual, but a considerable amount of sifting is required to get at it.

#### Essays in Philosophy

1. *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects.* By Goldwin Smith. The Macmillan Co. 2. *Philosophy of Theism: Being the Gifford Lectures, University of Edinburgh.* By Alexander Campbell Fraser. 2d Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. 3. *Death—and Afterwards.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. With a Supplement. Reprinted from the 14th English edition. New Amsterdam Book Co. 4. *The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy.* By William James. Longmans, Green & Co.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" is the ancient question that never loses interest. For some few only is the question closed one way or the other; yet we cannot know, because of the "cloud-confines." Buddha, with his theory of the absorption of the individual person into the impersonal All, has as strong a claim upon our attention as Lucretius, with his poetizing on the materialism of Epicurus, who refused to differentiate life from other force, and any one class of organisms from another. Lucretius's Nirvāna was only the obverse of Buddha's. Jesus the Christ taught a doctrine directly antagonistic. The Light of Asia said, "Give up will and let individuality die out"; Jesus said, "Exercise the will most intensely, and thus acquire the ability to live forever." The writers before us go not by this guide and authority, or that. Children of an age of transition, they can only object to dogmatism, whether constructive or negative. The doors into the unknown are as wide open for us as for the cave-dweller of Tennessee. Prof. Goldwin Smith guesses at the riddle of existence (1) as though philosophy and theology had been dumb during these four millenniums. His understanding of St. Paul's doctrine of the resurrection is crude; his denial of any intimation of immortality of man in the Hebrew sacred writings will not stand the test of modern critical scholarship; his theory of the origin of hierarchies is obsolete, his ignoring of the reports of the Society for Psychical Research is not courteous and convincing, and his candor in other ways is blameless. One feels that in his essay on Another Life, as in the chapters on the Meaning of Life, on the Old Testament, on the Miraculous Element in Christianity, and on Morality and Theism, the author has thought out these matters for himself much as others have thought out the same. All that Prof. Smith has gained is a restatement in his terms, from his point of view, with the omission of what others have thought thereon during the long and slow centuries. The gifted magazine contributor leaves matters as when he began. This, as a matter of course, must be the result unless we resort to authority.

Prof. Fraser, in his concluding course of Gifford Lectures (2), reaches the same topic—to wit, the endless survival of human individual consciousness. Like Prof. Smith, the Scotch doctor of divinity treats the question as open. Theories of conditional and facultative immortality he "cannot away with." But, with Prof. Smith, he finds the riddle of life unanswered. The whole point of these lectures is to show that the problem is insoluble by the intellect alone; it is soluble morally. The point is well taken, but not put forth by Prof. Fraser in as clear and explicit a form as one could desire. The book is suggestive, however, though it seems at first glance to arrive at no conclusion. In reality it is a worthy contribution to the literature of the subject. This caution may be ventured: Prof. Fraser's "Philosophy of Theism" is a work that should be read thoughtfully or not at all. His whole argument is implied in this short sentence on p. 246:—"An atheistic universe has no root in ethical reason." The sentence is profound, pregnant, precise.

Like these learned professors, the journalist-poet, Sir Edwin Arnold (3), reaches no certain result, but he is more interesting and clever in getting nowhere. He takes account of more theories, and is more generally tolerant. He has the air of wanting to be immortal if anyone can be, without being bigoted about it. It will probably strike most of his readers that, if he has not proved beyond peradventure the immortality of some men, he has at all events thrown the burden of proof upon the denier. When you have established that point, little more remains to be done. We want to live forever if we can, unless we have been wicked and are afraid. After all, the question is not one of everlasting existence, but of the unending maintenance of identity and personal consciousness. Perhaps, as Sir Edwin suggests, the future existence will be so large as to swallow up personal consciousness without annihilating it. The appendix of the book contains a remarkable letter, presumably from the late Prof. Tyndall, which is worth the consideration of anyone. It is profoundly suggestive.

The first matter of consideration is, do we positively desire to live beyond the grave? Our belief must rest upon our desire, whatever the fact may be. "There is only one indefectibly certain truth," says Mr. James (4)—"the present phenomenon of consciousness." Before we can expect people to believe in a continued survival of mentality, we must cause them to wish to live. To this Mr. James addresses himself. It is superfluous to give the table-of-contents. Enough to say that his is the most fundamental book of the four. Germane to the subject, also, is the last essay, upon Psychical Research. Mr. James gives some hard knocks to those who will not so much as consider telepathy, no matter what the amount of testimony in its favor. When the will to believe in the existence of anything in man answering to the term soul is wanting, it is beyond question to expect a belief in an immortality, either conditional, or absolute and universal. There are universal notions which the individual can ignore, can suppress, so that they always remain small, or atrophied. Though Kant be right in putting the idea of human immortality among the innate forms of thought, yet that form can be left undeveloped.

In fine, the problem of immortality is about as Kant left it, a matter of intuition, or of innate conviction, as to form. As to content, there will always be varieties. We do not need, therefore, to construct syllogisms to prove that men are immortal, or may be; only abnormal minds will disbelieve it. But we do need to know how the soul will live after death. Sir Edwin says his good things, gleaned from literature ancient and modern. The skeptic will call him a mystic, and the mystic will call him a sceptic. The average man will read his pages, then thank God and take courage.



## "Sidney Lanier"

*Southern Writers. Biographical and Critical Studies. By W. M. Baskervill. Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith.*

THE DEEPLY pathetic story of this Southern poet (born in 1842, dead in 1881) has roused a wide-spread interest similar to that felt in the untimely fate of Shelley, Keats and André Chénier—an interest always attaching to unripe fruit overtaken by the blanching chills of premature autumn. The French blood in the Georgian's veins was of that ardent kind that burns through a delicate constitution and eats up its strength. Superadded to this delicacy of constitution came the intense emotions and turbulent excitements of the War of Secession, in which Lanier took part as an earnest champion of the Southern side when he was yet hardly more than a child. He was captured and confined in prison and, on his arrival at Richmond as an exchanged prisoner, in 1864, was already, at twenty-two, in a dying condition from pulmonary disease. He battled with hemorrhage and weakness in a long illness of nineteen years more, until the end.

Prof. Baskervill has skilfully and touchingly woven together the threads of the poet's existence into an excellent biographical and critical study, which throws detailed light on many obscure points of Lanier's life, and ends with letters from Mrs. Lanier, the poet's widow. The story is almost altogether that of a self-made man whose sole training came from the flimsy collegiate and school life of the remote South before the War: it was gathered from reading and private study, and from teaching and clerking and the half-hearted study of law after the War. The remarkable genius of the man early asserted itself in the twin passion for music and poetry, the divided "house" which literally fell in the Scriptural sense, and threatened to leave him without abiding achievement in either. Apollo will not tolerate coquetry. A born musician with a striking language gift, Lanier strove to be equally distinguished in two associated arts, which yet are as wide as the poles apart, an almost impassable gulf lying between them. Hampered by the theory that Music and Poetry were interconvertible terms, and standing continually on the borderland between the two, he never really made up his mind what he was, or which of the beautiful sirens he would wed. Then he was tormented by theories of "scientific verse," which impaired the spontaneity of his poetic gift and caused his poetry to flow out of his head, and not out of his heart. This hampering theory makes much of his verse fatally prosaic in movement; whenever he forgot his theory, he had beautiful flashes. All who heard him play his magic flute testify to his exquisite artistry: into these perishing and evanishing sounds he poured the whole soul of his gift, and there his reputation lies, the prey of ephemeral memories. If, like Goethe's "Sänger," he had "sung as the birds sing," with thoughtless rush and flow, without fingering his syllables, without scientifically measuring his metres, without thought of anything but the overflowing beauty within him, his rich gift of imagery and language and idea would have coined itself into golden rhythms, to hum in the memory and sing in all the anthologies. As it is, Lanier must rank among the intentional, the intellectual, poets with whom verse is a curious and delightful art, like gold-chasing or jewel-setting, requiring minute care and dainty manipulation, all delicately conscious. His larger poems are lovely verbal sonatas, Beethoven-like sometimes in their sudden harmonies, but lacking the distinction of memorable lines and quotable passages. The amount and excellence of his prose work augur well for what he would have accomplished, but it strikes us that nobody who talked as much and as eloquently about his art as Lanier did in his letters could ever have accomplished much that was really great. How rare is the reticence of Tennyson and of—Shakespeare.

We think that Prof. Baskervill's excellent series suffers from the fact that the biographies are not divided into chapters, and that the paragraphs are too long.

## "With the Dutch in the East"

*By Capt. W. Cool. Trans. from the Dutch by E. J. Taylor. London: Lusaac & Co.*

THE DUTCH bayonet and the Malay kriss have many a time been crossed since the soldiers and officials of the Dutch East India Company planted the red, white and blue flag among the Spice Islands of far eastern Asia. But in general, their successors have succeeded so handsomely in governing 30,000,000 subjects, that the Dutch East Indies may be said to be a part of the earth where people are happy because they have no history. Only the rajahs of Atjeh and their men have been able for more than twenty years past to obtain weapons and gunpowder from a source that to Hollanders is far from doubtful, and to keep up an apparently interminable guerrilla, despite blockade and military occupation. In recent years, however, everything has been quiet there. But in 1894, on the island of Lombok, the Balinese, not being content with conquering the Sassaks, reduced them to virtual slavery. The Sassaks appealed to the Dutch for protection and relief, and, Lombok being under Dutch suzerainty, a military expedition was fitted out, consisting of about 1500 European and about 100 native soldiers, with the usual long train of servants and laborers, horses, mules, etc. The appearance of this force at Ampenan, only a few miles from the capital, suddenly converted the island into a peaceful paradise. The Balinese welcomed the Dutch civilians and military, treated them most hospitably, and made a treaty. They gave up their rights and claims over the Sassaks, offering all proper guarantees and paying fifty per cent. of their fine or tribute in silver, with the promise of having ready the remainder on the following day. The Dutch force was scattered in three different places, the main body being encamped for the night at the spot laid out for them by the native magistrates. With the ordinary precautions of military camp life, but with only these—notwithstanding their long experience of many treacheries in the past—the Dutch lay down to sleep in the intense blackness of the tropic night.

All these arrangements had been made by the Malays with the idea of massacre. Well armed with breech-loaders and plenty of ammunition, they had everything prepared for a midnight attack. Though their first volleys were for the most part from the city wall, they killed every horse in the cavalry division, and slaughtered scores of the soldiers and officers. Only through their superb discipline did General Vetter and the main body of his troops get beyond what had proved to be an ambushade to a place of safety. In another town, the Dutch were led into a similar trap, from which they extricated themselves only after hard fighting and by skilful retreat. Of course, in due time, the Dutch warships and the reorganized troops took ample revenge; and from that moment there has been no trouble on the island of Lombok. Capt. Cool's narrative is clear and straightforward. The illustrations, though not works of art, tell their story well, and the translation has been well done. Altogether this work, with its maps, index and glossary, is a valuable chapter in the history of the conquest of the East by the West.

## Prof. Corson's Edition of Chaucer

*Selections from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Edited, with introduction, notes and glossary, by Hiram Corson, LL.D. The Macmillan Co.*

STUDENTS of Chaucer, on reading last summer the announcement of an edition of selections from his work by Prof. Corson, naturally looked for a presentation of the writings of the master that would emphasize the literary aspects of the subject. The motto on the title-page and the opening words of the preface justify this anticipation. The selection that Prof. Corson has made is good, and there can be no doubt that the learner will, by reading this volume, get a much better idea of the genius of the poet than he would by following the usual custom of reading the "Prologue" and the entire "Knight's Tale." If, however, the book has been looked forward to as a contribution to Chaucerian scholarship, or to poetic interpretation, the anticipation is doomed to meet disappointment.

The volume contains a General Introduction giving (1) the usual Biographical Sketch, (2) Some Features of Chaucer's Poetry, (3) Pronunciation, (4) Grammar and (5) Versification. The text occupies 174 pages, the notes fifty, and the glossary as many. The second heading of the introduction rouses one's interest. We find, however, that, after advising the reader to peruse carefully Lowell's essay on Chaucer, the editor contents himself with giving two pages each of Chaucer's similes, his metaphors, his maxims, proverbs and sententious expressions, his alliterations and his allusions to the Bible. After quoting two pages from Lounsbury as to the pronunciation of Chaucer, Prof. Corson gives the titles of books on the subject for the benefit of "those who wish to acquaint themselves with the niceties claimed by phonologists," and then presents the subject himself in something over a page. Such a presentation as this has little value. What, for example, can be the use of telling pupils that if a vowel is long it is pronounced *so*, and if short *so*, when no means are given of knowing when it is long and when short? And why attempt to distinguish two sounds of long *e*, but not tell when one is used and when the other? Moreover, some of the statements as to pronunciation (cf. *e*, *o*, *ng*, *h*, *u*, etc.) show that the subject is presented at second hand. One illustration will suffice:—"The French suffix *age* may be pronounced, according to Ellis, as *aadg*, or without the *d*, as *ax*, in *azure*. I prefer the latter." Such a statement as this might have stood twenty-five years ago. Passing over the fact that the *a* was *not* as in "azure" and that the final *e* was not silent, *j* and the *g* in this and similar French words and suffixes not only have the sound of *g* in "geology" today, but they have always had it since these words came from old French into English. About this there is no question whatever. That the *d* sound has been lost in modern French has, of course, no more to do with Middle English pronunciation than it has with modern English pronunciation. To prefer to pronounce Middle English like modern French may be a matter of personal taste, but it is hardly fair to mislead those who wish to learn to pronounce it like Middle English.

It is evident that Prof. Corson has taken half a dozen editions of Chaucer and three or four of the leading books about the poet, and has gathered together some of the various allusions to Chaucer that are to be found in the works of such writers as Lowell, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, etc.; then, by making liberal extracts, paraphrasing, and adding here and there a suggestion as to the poet's probable meaning, he has produced an edition of selections from the "Canterbury Tales" which—so far as non-philological matters are concerned—is a safe and pleasing volume to put into the hands of pupils. The manner in which the notes are compiled may best be shown by a few figures. The first seven pages contain 275 lines, of which 234 are confessedly taken from others namely, Lowell, Mrs. Browning, O'Hagan, Browne, J. W. Hale, Skeat, Pollard, Tyrwhitt, Lounsbury, Wright, Mrs. Jameson and Todd. Farther on it gets somewhat better: for example, pages 205-9 contain 200 lines, of which 147 are quoted. Here is a fair sample (page 187):—

320. *His purchasyng*: his conveyancing [then three lines from Skeat]

321. *Nowher so bisy*. [Four lines from Leigh Hunt and three from Saunders]

323. *In termes hadde he*. [Quotes Skeat, two lines, and adds three of his own.]

324. *Kyng William*: William the Conqueror.

325. *make a thing*: compose, draw up a document. [Skeat's note is "compose, draw up, draught."]

340. [Three lines from Tyrwhitt.]

Of the originality of what is not ascribed to others the following will give an idea:—

## SKEAT.

173. *The rule* (rule) of saint Maure (St. Maur) and that of saint Benet (St. Benet or Benedict) were the oldest forms of monastic discipline in the Romish Church. St. Maur (Jan. 15) was a disciple of St. Benet (Dec. 4), who founded the Benedictine order, and died about A. D. 542.

## CORSON.

173. *saint Maure*: the rule of St. Maur and that of St. Benet or Benedict were the oldest forms of monastic discipline in the Catholic Church. St. Maur, who was a disciple of Benedict, established the Benedictine order in France; died ab. 542.

It should be added that in his preface Prof. Corson acknowledges "special obligations" to Skeat. What is not credited consists for the most part of statements of historic facts, translations of difficult passages, renderings of proper names into the modern forms, and other matter that properly belongs in the vocabulary,

Skeat's note on A. 14 will be found paraphrased first in the notes, then under "ferne" in the vocabulary, and also under "halmes."

Anything showing personal judgment or original scholarship is rare. The editor generally contents himself with stating which one of the opinions of other critics he prefers. When he ventures a suggestion it is done in the manner of one who feels that he is on unfamiliar ground:—"This may mean," "But is not this" so and so?, etc. One of his suggestions is really very good, namely, that the comma at the end of line 130 of the Prologue be removed.

## "Bird-Life"

By Frank M. Chapman. D. Appleton & Co.

IT SEEMS A PITY to find fault with so excellent a book as this, but the young ornithologist who goes a-field with "Bird-Life" will discover that the author, in his effort to be very accurate, has erred by understatement. The observer will find many a bird before the given dates of arrival and long after the dates of departure, among those that migrate. He will find, in all probability, that every neighborhood has a larger resident list than any work on the subject gives, and sharp eyes will detect variations of habit incident to peculiarities of environment not hinted at in this little volume. The statement that the wood-duck rarely rests in the middle states is incorrect; it rests abundantly in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Speaking of the crow and its vocabulary, Mr. Chapman gives the impression that no one has commented on its varied utterances, yet this has been done. Of the song-sparrow, we are led to think it does not sing in December and January. In New Jersey it is just as vocal then as in May. The little green heron, too, it may be mentioned, is socially inclined; two nests on one tree are not uncommon. But the book as a whole, notwithstanding these unimportant slips, is most excellent, and in our judgment better adapted to the use of young people than any previous publication on the subject. It paves the way, we trust, to the making of innumerable bird-protecting ornithologists. Of the other sort, we have far too many.

## "Life the Accuser"

By E. F. Brooke. Edward Arnold.

SINCE she wrote "Transition," which was clever and keen but somewhat didactic, Miss Brooke has evidently become an artist. Instead of advancing further towards didacticism and ultimate obscurity, as Mrs. Humphry Ward has done, she has taken the other road. She has written a book which has no ethical motives other than those conveyed by life itself, which teaches its lesson only through the legitimate development and degradation or uplifting of character. Its point of view is no more conventional than the manner of treatment, yet it is in no disagreeable sense that the writer can be called advanced. She handles delicate subjects frankly, but handles them delicately also. And she justifies her frankness by the fact that there is nothing crude, or superficial, or vulgar, in the play of her mind upon them. She is never self-conscious, never obtrudes her judgment; but she understands the logic of events, the construction of a character whose development is consistent with itself. There is no descent to sentimentality in the working out of this tragic drama. It is eminently sane. The three women about whom the plot weaves in and out are dexterously contrasted. They are all alive and interesting—even Eliza, the generous-hearted, who is always doing the wrong thing. There is an atmosphere of respectability about her which does not surround Rosalie Trelyon, one of the emancipated who confuse license with liberty. But novel as Rosalie is, it is Constantia who dominates the book. Her interview with the husband who has been false to her is a brilliant piece of work. And, though her talk afterwards with Rosalie, who wronged her, is not quite so subtle, it is still the real thing. The analysis of Constantia's emotions throughout this experience is delicate and incisive. It has been done before, and it is a difficult thing to do, but Miss Brooke has something new to offer, and she does it well.

The man in the case is admirably observed, and the dramatic situation is deftly touched with a certain pungent satire. The great merit of the book, however, is that its writer "sees clear and thinks straight." Her range is by no means narrow; she has created characters of widely different tendencies, and she excites our interest in them, makes them live for us. And except perhaps for the epilogue, which is weaker than the rest, the book is artfully constructed.



### "A Fiance on Trial"

By Francis Tillou Buck. The Merriman Co.

IN THESE PAGES a young woman engages herself to a young man who does not love her, until she can switch him off upon a more congenial path and make up her own mind to love another youngster, who with equal docility stands ready to receive her. The tattling whereby, to their ultimate adjustment, each person tells everything he hears to the one concerned and to everybody else in the story, occurred, we are informed, in New York City and Rhinecliff; but there is no scenery, no atmosphere, no humor, nor are there any graces of style—albeit the sentences are mainly grammatical—to impart reality to the situation. The story is ruminative, rather than introspective, and properly begins on page 155. The author furnishes us with a complete chart of each tatter's motives before he tattles. After a while, we know that when a young lady asks, "What caused that sigh?" there will be forthwith an excursus upon the sigh, and we very much dread the mention of a "vague presentiment," lest it lead to fierce parenthetical pondering. Perhaps the author thought that in depicting the wobbliness of present-day love he was following in the wake of Mr. Howells. But, apart from the fact that Mr. Howells has his young men win their way with more flowers and dancing, the persons in the present book impress the reviewer, not as types, but as transcribed individuals, and dreary, prosaic, idealless individuals at that. Only one young woman in the story knows her own mind; the men are inconceivably stupid, the proposal of each coming like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. Even the mothers are invertebrates, using the kiss affectionate as a means of extorting love secrets.

An unblasted foreigner would gain a peculiar impression of American society from this book. "Is there no reticence, no passion, no self-knowledge," he would ask, "among your young people? Does every *demoiselle* occupy her entire time with the thought, 'Now I am happy, now I am not happy, now I like him, and again I don't: I wonder when he will propose?' Does she not occasionally get outside of herself and perceive that the world we live in is infinitely more beautiful than the drab linings of her inane mind?" All of which would be directed against nothing but the namby-pamby creations of this novel.

### "Saint Eva"

By Amelia Pain. Harper & Bros.

FROM THE gossip, lazy atmosphere of an English society novel, "Saint" Eva stands forth with mingled dignity and bashfulness, a spiritual but human figure, whose singular beauty and purity of character are accentuated by the portrait frontispiece drawn by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, as is her death by the flash of jagged lightning upon the sombre cover. The atmosphere of the novel, whether it takes us to the gardens and landing-stages of the Thames or to Naples and Capri, is created by an exquisite refinement of details, and, incidentally, by its perfection of satire. The minor characters are cleverly differentiated by a succession of delicate touches, no one of which would bear exposure to the dry light of quotation, but which in their context are convincingly artistic. It would be equally difficult to outline the story with any degree of justice. The two principal characters, however, are distinctly visible in their telltale speeches and manner. Seaford registered himself when he said, "So you don't want to be liked by me—by me, or to like me, I suppose? But you shall"; and Eva betrayed her love in many little acts of embarrassment before his self possession and insistence. One summer night, off Capri, he yielded to his highest impulses and declared his love, and henceforth all her heart was with him. Afterwards, in prosy old England, he could laughingly speak of the wisdom of having done with "these idyls." But she could never unlove him, though there was a rift in her lute and another man had waited years to claim her.

It is a sweet and tender tale, despite its up-to-date trappings; and while one is tempted to accept Seaford's view that Eva was a "white moth," or a "little white ghost," and with him to implore her to "be all woman," it cannot be gainsaid that she is the logical fulfilment of the tiny girl who resolved to run away with a pocketful of nuts, live like a squirrel in a tree, and be happy with tuneful, uncomplaining birds and books. That Mrs. Pain should have had her heroine perish by fire, as Mr. James did his *bric-à-brac*, may be attributed, perhaps, to the irresistible desire with which novelists have been fired, since Mr. Hardy's Stonehenge scene, to impart something "elemental" to a carefully developed climax—even at the risk of seeming to resort to the traditional *deus ex machina*.

### "Landscape in Poetry"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Prof. Palgrave, in his excellent discussion of "Landscape in Poetry," in speaking of the work already done in this line, makes some notable omissions. In view of the interest excited by his book, the following bibliography of the whole subject of the use of nature in literature may not be unwelcome to some of your readers. Only those books which are omitted by Prof. Palgrave are here given.

- Friedländer, Ludwig. *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms. Zweiter Theil.* Leipzig, 1889.  
 Biese, Alfred. *Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Griechen und Römern.* Kiel, 1882-84.  
 Biese, Alfred. *Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter und in der Neuzeit.* Leipzig, 1892.  
 Lüning, Otto. *Die Natur in der Altgermanischen und Mittelhochdeutschen Epik.* Zürich, 1889.  
 Kuttner, Max. *Das Naturgefühl der Altfranzosen.* (Dissertation.) Berlin, 1889.  
 Schlesinger, Alban. *Der Natursinn bei John Milton.* (Dissertation.) Leipzig, 1892.  
 McLaughlin, E. T. *Studies in Mediaeval Life and Literature.* New York, 1894.

Ruskin, John. *Modern Painters, Vol. III.*

In addition to the above specific discussions, a great deal of valuable information on this subject may be found in Humboldt's "Cosmos," Burckhardt's "Cultur des Renaissance in Italien," and Schultz's "Höfisches Leben Zur Zeit der Minnesinger" (Liepzig, 1879).

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, 19 July 1897.

OSCAR KUHN.

### The Fine Arts

#### "Les Salons de 1897"

PART 2 of "Les Salons de 1897" is if anything a more engaging number than the first. Among its thirty-five illustrations are portraits, portrait-groups, figure pieces, landscapes and marines, some of them of striking merit. Among the full-page plates are Lévy-Dhurmer's "Au Paradis," Dagnan-Bouveret's "Portrait de Mme. T. R.," E. A. Wery's "Dernières Lueurs," A. Brouillet's "Réception de l'Empereur et de l'Impératrice de Russie," A. de la Gandara's "Portrait de Mme. G.," and Corot's "Le Pont Saint-Ange à Rome." There are a few pen-and-inks; but most of the smaller reproductions are half-tone plates. Of these the more noteworthy are Prinnet's "Le Modèle," Mme. Demont-Breton's "A L'Eau" and Roll's "Le Labour." The text criticises these and other exhibits at the Champs-Élysées and the Champ-de-Mars. Two more numbers will complete this valuable record of the year's art in Paris. (New York: The Critic Co.)

#### Art Notes

NEARLY one hundred architects have sent in preliminary drawings for the proposed building of the New York Public Library, and the judges have begun holding meetings to inspect them at the office of Mr. Rives. The names of the twelve preliminary competitors between whom and six others the final competition will lie will be announced in August. The judges are Prof. W. R. Ware of Columbia University, Superintendent B. R. Green of the National Library, and Dr. J. S. Billings, Director of the Public Library.

—At the last meeting of the Park Commissioners, each member named an architect to make designs for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument to be erected in this city with an appropriation of \$250,000 from the New York Legislature; and when the six designs are submitted, the Commissioners will choose the one that is to be executed. Mr. Bruce Price has been appointed consulting architect, to prepare the conditions of the competitions. The Commissioners have, we believe, decided to ignore the protest of the Fine Arts Federation and leading officers of the Navy against the erection of the monument in the 59th Street Plaza, at the entrance to Central Park. A site in Riverside Park, where the monument could be seen from the Hudson River, would surely be more fitting.

—For the monument to Robert Louis Stevenson, to be erected in San Francisco, the sculptor has chosen as his design the carved image of a sailing ship, "her prow pointed to the silent lands that lie down under the Western Pacific." The ship is to be called the Bonaventure. Its design will be that of a thirty-gunner of the sixteenth century, going under a fair wind, with all sail on. At the bow, looking straight away to the sunset, is a figure of Pallas.



Jean Ingelow

MISS JEAN INGELOW, a poet whose name is probably better known in America than her verse, died at her home in London on the 19th instant. Miss Ingelow was the daughter of a Lincolnshire banker, and was born at Boston in 1820. She published her first collection of poems, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings," anonymously, in 1850. In the following year appeared a story of hers in rhyme, called "Ellerton and Dreux." Among her later writings were "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes" (1865), "Deborah's Book and the Lonely Rock," "Grandmother's Shoes," "The Suspicious Jackdaw and the Life of John Smith," "The Minnows with Silver Tails," "Studies for Stories," "A Story of Doom" (1867), "A Sister's Bye-hours" (1868), "The Little Wonder-Horn" (1872) and "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571" (1883).

Miss Ingelow was also the author of a number of novels which were almost as popular over here as in England. The best known are "Off the Skelligs" (1872), "Fated to be Free" (1875), "Don Juan" (1876) and "Sarah de Berenger" (1880). Both her poetry and verse were marked by great refinement and deep religious feeling. She may have been sentimental, but her work was always in good taste.

In 1892, Miss Ingelow talked to an interviewer of her early life in Lincolnshire:—"My favorite retreat was a lofty room in the old house where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write my verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved." Of her brother, with whom she lived at Kensington, she said:—"He offered to contribute to have the MSS. printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher (Mr. Longman). He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of a thousand

copies each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition."

Messrs. Roberts Bros., by whose permission we publish the accompanying portrait of Miss Ingelow, are her American publishers.

## The Lounger

I WONDER how our ancestors managed with their limited knowledge of germs? With us it is one long battle with these insidious disease promoters. Books are supposed to be particularly attractive to them, and Dr. Billings, Director of the New York Public Library, has been for some time at work to devise a means of keeping his library free of them. If the books go to every part of the city, into sick-rooms as well as into drawing-rooms, into the unsanitary homes of the East Side as well as into the sanitary homes of Murray Hill, there is every reason to believe that disease will lurk in their pages.

THIS FACT has given Dr. Billings many a sleepless night, but now he thinks that he will be able to defy the pestiferous bacteria. In this invention he uses the gas *formaldehyde*, and this, according to the *Tribune*, is the way the work is done: "The volume is placed in a glass or metal box, with a saucerful of a solution of formalin in water, and left for an hour or two. At the end of that time the vapor has penetrated into every particle of the book and not a live germ can be found." When one considers the number of books in the library, this would seem to involve no inconsiderable labor, not to mention the time—an hour or two for each volume. It suggests a new official for the Library staff—the Germ Destroyer.

IN ENGLAND they have discovered another disease-breeding germ; this one lurks in the kiss on the court-house Bible. Everyone who has appeared in court as a principal, or merely as a looker-on, knows that when an oath is administered, the person to whom it is administered "kisses the Book." The longer a book has been kissed, the more reverence it seems to inspire. You remember the convict in "Great Expectations," who carried about with him, to make his oaths more binding, a greasy old Bible he had filched from a police-court. The amount of kissing it had received made the oaths sworn on it seem to him more binding than those sworn on a clean page. A Bible that has been used in an English court-house for sixty years, and been kissed by at least 40,000 people, has been examined, and various micro-organisms have been found on its leaves.

IT IS NOW recommended that the custom of "kissing the book" be abolished. Germs or no germs, I think it just as well to find some other form of administering oaths. To raise the hand, or merely to lay it upon the Book, should be sufficient. A Quaker merely "affirms," and no one questions his affirmation. Why should those of us who are not Quakers be made to do more?

THE difference between English and American newspaper methods is remarked upon by Mr. Richard Harding Davis in the course of an interview printed in *The Sketch* of London:—

"American papers are too fond of advertising what they're going to do, and don't make the paper advertise itself. One journal on the other side, which was sending myself and an artist to Cuba, dwelt for weeks on the fact that they'd chartered a steamer for us, enlarged on our efforts to cross the gulf, nearly drowned us, and made us ridiculous. All this nonsense was run to the exclusion of real Cuban news and pictures. What the [London] *Times* wants from me is a story to the point, directly about the special subject; a story which will be read and which will create interest without artificial and irrelevant sensation. That's as it should be."



A READER of this column writes to me:—"Will you allow me to emphasize your sentiments upon the subject of English and American sympathies, as expressed repeatedly in *The Critic*? I believe that Miss Harraden and Dr. Nicoll are mistaken in thinking that an unfriendly spirit exists in this country towards our transatlantic brethren. I have not heard in California any unkind criticisms of those from whose forbears we are descended. We laugh at political England—she laughs at the policy of the United States; and we often mutually disapprove, much as older and younger brothers ridicule and find fault with each other. There are, of course, instances where acrimony colors individual opinions, but in the general intelligence of the community I find only desire for pacific intercourse in our relations, and readiness for a cordial handshake across the water." This seems to me to be the real situation. That our representatives at Washington have "turned down" the Arbitration Treaty does not mean at all that the American public does not want it. Strange as it may seem, we are not represented by our representatives. If the vote of the intelligent American public could have been taken on the subject of arbitration, I do not doubt but that the Treaty would have gone through with flying colors.

K. S. W. OF RICHMOND, VA., sends me a clipping from a local paper, in which mention is made of the death of Mrs. Sarah Lloyd Bernard, at the age of five and eighty. Mrs. Bernard was a daughter of the late T. W. White, founder of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Poe was at one time employed on this paper, and is said to have been "a devoted admirer" of Mrs. Bernard's sister, Miss Elizabeth White, it seems, "was a very beautiful girl, and is generally believed to have been the Raven of Poe's celebrated poem." "While there are numberless 'lost Lenores,'" so my correspondent writes, "so far as I know this is the first 'beautiful girl' who is 'generally believed to have been the Raven.'"

MR. LABOUCHERE writes eloquently in the columns of *Truth* on the subject of London street noises. If he wants to exceed the eloquence inspired by church-bells and chiming clocks, I would suggest to him a visit to Broadway at any hour of the day or night. What with cable-car gongs and streets paved with cobblestones, he would fervently wish himself back in dear, old, quiet London. Until he has paid us a visit, I deny that he can have any real knowledge of street noises.

APROPOS of Mr. Labouchere, the always interesting "Lorna" writes in *The British Weekly*:—

"On my first river-trip of the summer I always look out for Pope's Villa, in hopes of seeing Mr. Labouchere smoking peacefully in his armchair on the lawn. His glance rests benignantly on the boats as they glide past his garden steps, and speeds them on their way. In his shady hat and comfortable lounging coat, the editor of *Truth* seems to form a part of the river-scene, and when, as on Saturday, he is shut up in his study, preparing a speech, something is missing from our enjoyment. I suggested to my companions, as we rowed back in the twilight, that we might land at Twickenham steps and hear his speech in the Town Hall, but the audience was not, I fear, recruited from the river."

IN THE March *Pall Mall*, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch offered a prize of one guinea to that reader of his department "From a Cornish Window" who should divine the name of the man or woman "who is (or has been during the past ten years) master (or mistress) of the best style in English prose." It was in reality a guessing contest, for Mr. Quiller-Couch had made his choice, and his guinea was to be awarded to the person or persons who agreed

with him. The result of the voting was: Walter Pater, 31; Thomas Hardy, 13; Robert Louis Stevenson, 12; John Ruskin, 11; Andrew Lang, 9; James Anthony Froude and Mr. Barrie, 7 each; George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling (amazing coincidence), 6 each; Henry James, 4; and—this is lovely!—Matthew Arnold and Marie Corelli, 3 each; likewise Sir Walter Besant and Dr. Doyle. Among those who received only two votes each, were Huxley, Birrell, Caine; and among those receiving only one, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Olive Schreiner, Cardinal Newman, Dr. Jowett, James Russell Lowell, Dr. Holmes, P. G. Hamerton, John Addington Symonds, William Morris, Leslie Stephen, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour.

STRANGE are the vagaries of the popular taste: Miss Marie Corelli receives three votes, and Cardinal Newman and Dr. Jowett receive only one. Huxley just squeezes in; and as for Herbert Spencer, "'oo is 'ee?" Mr. Quiller-Couch's own choice was Mr. Andrew Lang; and accordingly the guinea was divided among that gentleman's nine admirers. I don't mean to say that Mr. Lang has only that number of admirers, but that only nine of them took part in the guessing game. I admire Mr. Lang's work as much as anyone, but I don't believe that I should have thought of him if it had occurred to me to take part in Mr. Quiller-Couch's instructive and entertaining pastime. I agree heartily, however, with what that gentleman has to say of Mr. Pater's style, which received the most votes:—"To my thinking, his prose, for all its beauty of workmanship, has neither vivacity nor vitality. While not precisely 'pistachio' (as a reviewer roundly asserted), it has some of the faults of *pastiche*. It lacks organic structure, organic life: it suggests a superb knack of 'composition,' but it does not suggest—to me, at any rate, it does not suggest—the living English tongue."

I LEARN with feelings of profound regret that "The steamship Manitou, preparatory to beginning her season's run between Chicago, Charlevoix, Harbor Springs and Mackinac Island, has been supplied with a fully equipped printing-office, and every afternoon a daily paper will be issued, containing telegraphic news happenings on board, the passenger-list, and items of general interest." One of the chief attractions of steamships has been the absence of the ubiquitous newspaper from their decks. Perhaps *The Manitou Light* is the entering wedge. If it is, I sincerely hope that some one will put it out.

IN A RECENT issue of *Collier's Weekly*, to which he contributes an interesting department, Mr. Edgar Saltus laments the increase of the publisher's trade, which he says has "long since done its worst to discourage the collecting of books. The trouble, according to him, is that in the multiplicity of books we have almost lost the habit of reading, and quite lost the desire for collecting. There are published in this country, he says, five novels a day; of these a hundred live three months; fifty, six months; and two reach the ripe old age of one year. The proportion of other works that are published and live is not much greater. "To such an extent even," he continues, "does mortality prevail among them that it is difficult to thumb the annual catalogue of American Literature without comparing it to a fat *Hic jacet*, a cemetery of epitaphs of dead, decomposed, futile, and forgotten efforts." Why, I wonder, does Mr. Saltus blame the publishers for this unhappy state of things? They are not coaxing people to write books. In fact, according to some would-be authors, they stand at the gate with drawn sword to cut down the literary aspirant when he shows his head, reversing the familiar saying by proving the sword to be mightier than the pen.



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MR. JOHN FOX, JR.

### A Story-Teller of the Mountaineers

THE NAME of John Fox, Jr., which appears as that of one of the principal contributors to the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, will be well known in this country before many years, or I miss my prophecy. Already readers have caught glimpses of his power in the short stories that have appeared from time to time in *Harper's Weekly* and occasionally in the magazines, but now a new story of length, "The Kentuckians," begins. John Fox is one of the most quiet and amiable men that I have met—a statement which will probably surprise those readers who have noticed the great skill he possesses in depicting the bitter, fierce family feuds, "those relics of mediæval days," as he himself terms them, which bring petty wars time and again throughout the mountain sections of Kentucky. He is not a lover of shotguns and pistols, as one might possibly suppose from the great familiarity he displays with the details of these Southern vendettas, but is withal a young man of determined power and straightforward energy. Of course, I do not mean to intimate, by any allusion to these scenes of strife, that Mr. Fox is a melodramatic writer. While he pictures these battles of the mountains in most graphic and vigorous form, he yet subordinates their incidents to the delineation of character as shown by their chief participants and by the people whom the leaders meet. He is a strong character writer.

His coming popularity will start from the fact that he is opening a new field in literature. We have the Wild West after the style of Owen Wister, and the Tame West after the style of Hamlin Garland; we have the picturesque South and the home life of the South developed by Cable, Page and their associates; but Mr. Fox has gone up from the blue-grass region to the wild rugged hills and brought down to our view a new type of character, the big, awkward, hulking, rough mountaineer, crude in manners but magnificent in manhood, all his lack of polish having a splendid contrast with his innate sense of honor, his sturdy self-reliance, and his unyielding independence of opinion and action. Mr. Fox, too, has a command of humor as well as strength, and brings out the quaint, homely speeches of his men—and his women, too,—in laconic but lasting emphasis. His pathos is of the suggestive character. He tells you the incidents and then, suddenly stopping, leaves you to think, in spite of yourself, for hours afterwards regarding the sad result which must have occurred—not simply the sad result in point of action, but the sad result upon the minds of the characters.

Fourteen years ago, last month, the writer of "The Kentuckians," in silk hat and dress-coat, was receiving from President Eliot the parchment that accredited him a graduate of Harvard College, class of 1883. At college he was one of the most delightful companions a man could have. He had more friends than mere acquaintances, for the latter very quickly joined the

ranks of the former. He was not a man who sought prominence in his class. In his quiet, easy way he went along through the college course, making things pleasant for those around him without attempting to extend his sphere. I do not think that he had any idea, at that time, of taking up literature as a profession. He was a very clever amateur actor, and on account of his good-looking smooth face was called upon to interpret women's characters in the college theatricals of one of the chief societies. Before me now lies a picture showing him in quaint, old-fashioned woman's garb, with odd little ringlets hanging down all over his head, and a most absurd bonnet perched upon the top. It is the portrayal of the character of Mme. Perrichon in that familiar French comedy, "Papa Perrichon." T. Russell Sullivan translated the work for the Boston Museum, and it was his version that the society used on its travels—for Fox and the other boys made a trip "down East" to Exeter, Portland, Bangor and Augusta, having a great amount of fun, a vast deal of experience, and a rather unpleasant financial loss in the mock theatrical excursion. A sturdy, square-shouldered young fellow would seem to be an odd figure in petticoats, but everyone who has seen Harvard theatricals knows how cleverly the athletes are often turned into buxom young maidens.

Fox had come to college from the town of Paris, in Bourbon County, Kentucky. After leaving Harvard he went at once to New York city and there within seven days began work on *The Sun*. In company with Mr. Dana's bright young men he did some clever work, but after a few months decided to enter the Law School of Columbia College. A couple of months later he was obliged to give up his ambition for the bar, and shortly afterwards entered the office of *The Times*, where he continued for a year, when illness compelled him to return home and there to remain idle for a twelvemonth or more. Since that time he has devoted himself chiefly to literature, although I believe that he still has a business interest in some of the mines in those mountains of which he writes so fondly and so well. Of late years, also, he has done a little public reading, having been invited to do so by friends who enjoyed hearing those new strange tales of Southern life read intelligently and with thought by their author.

Mr. Fox has three characteristics that give reason for my prophecy in the beginning of this article: he writes interestingly; he paints with words powerfully; he has opened a new field.

BOSTON, 15 July, 1897.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*A New Twist to the Baconian Theory*.—Mr. Edward James Castle, "one of Her Majesty's Counsel," in a volume entitled "Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, and Greene," takes the ground that Bacon did not write the Shakespeare plays, but did assist the dramatist in certain of them which show an intimate acquaintance with the law. There are twenty-three such plays, we are told, and in these we may assume that Bacon had a hand. The other fourteen not only "show no legal knowledge," but contain "expressions and allusions which could not be supposed to come from a professional or any other kind of lawyer." Concerning the former class—the "legal plays"—our author adds little to what Lord Campbell and others have noted. There are many legal allusions in these plays, including not a few that appear to indicate a professional knowledge of the law. Of the various explanations of this fact which have been suggested, any one is more plausible than Mr. Castle's. His discussion of the "non-legal" plays, as he calls them, is no less unsatisfactory. What he regards as errors in the use of legal terms are simply instances of the non-professional use of words or phrases which have both a legal and non-legal meaning. Mr. Castle assumes that a lawyer would never use these words or phrases except in their legal sense. For example, he would never use *executor* except of the executor of a will; but Shakespeare, in "The Tempest" (iii. 1. 13), makes Ferdinand say that Miranda says of the task which Prospero has imposed,

"Such baseness  
Had never like *executor*";

but *executor* meant one who executes or performs in a general sense before it got the special legal sense, and whether a professional lawyer would use it in the former sense or not, it is nowise remarkable that a poet who knew both senses (as indeed every intelligent person does) should use it in either, as Shakespeare does. He also has it in "Henry V." (i. 2. 203) for *executioner*; and



Mr. Castle believes that, if Bacon had been at his elbow, he would not have done it. In "Macbeth" (iv. 1. 99) we find "lease of nature" as a metaphor for life; but a lawyer would have said "lease from nature." Desdemona says to Cassio, "I give thee warrant of thy place," but, as Mr. Castle soberly says, "only Othello could give" it. Again she says:—

"For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away";

while "a lawyer would say in those days attorney." Even Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek are criticised for their blundering allusions to law matters. The former uses *jurymen* where he should have said *witnesses*; and the latter says of Sebastian:—"I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that"; whereupon Her Majesty's Counsel gravely remarks:—"Here Aguecheek mistakes the law, which is that a person who assaults another first cannot bring an action for the beating he gets from his provocation." Shakespeare of course did not know this, but Bacon would have explained it to him if he had helped him on this particular play. These are fair specimens of what Mr. Castle points out as errors in legal matters to be found in the plays when Shakespeare had not the benefit of that eminent jurist's aid and counsel. There are some reasons, however, why we might suspect Coke to have been the legal collaborator rather than Bacon; but on the whole Mr. Castle thinks that the weight of evidence, such as it is, is in favor of Bacon.

More than half of the book is devoted to a refutation of the ordinary Baconian theory. Evidence that Shakespeare was the author of the plays ascribed to him is drawn from Greene, Jonson, and others. There is a good chapter entitled "The Actor-Author," showing that the writer of the plays must have had an intimate practical knowledge of the stage, as Shakespeare did. Mr. Castle, however, believes that "Henry VIII." was written by Fletcher and Jonson, assisted in the legal portions by Bacon.

The book is an octavo of 352 pages, published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London.

"*Love's Labour's Lost*" at Wellesley College.—The play presented by the Shakespeare Society at Wellesley this year (June 12th) was "*Love's Labour's Lost*." It was given out of doors, though the weather was not altogether favorable. Allusions to the sun, which had rarely been seen in this latitude for at least three weeks, were received with expressive applause. All the personations were excellent, but Biron, Don Armado, Dull, Costard, and the female characters may be noted as possibly the best. The students seemed to be particularly amused when Sir Nathaniel jotted down in his notebook some of the wise sayings of Holofernes; and Biron's query, "What is the end of study, let me know?" brought down the house, so to speak. The 3d scene of act iv.—one of the best comic scenes in the early plays—was very effective, with Biron behind a tall oak, the King in a thicket of rhododendrons, and Longaville concealed by a maple, while Dumain rhapsodized in supposed solitude until his friends came out successfully from their hiding-places, each exposing the other and all finally compelled to admit that they were in the same box. Altogether it was one of the most successful of these annual performances, and eminently creditable to the amateur players.

## The Open-Shelf Library System

A RECENT CHANGE in library methods made by the Free Circulating Library deserves special mention as marking a distinct modern tendency which has had its effect, directly or indirectly, on nearly all the public libraries in this country. This is the adoption of what is called the "open shelf" or "free access" system, in the two new branches that have just been put in operation.

In the system commonly employed in public libraries, users of the library apply at a desk for the book that they want and must wait until it is found by the attendant, or more generally until they are informed that it is not on the shelves, necessitating another demand and another wait. In the open-shelf system they are allowed to go to the book shelf and select what they want, taking it afterward to the attendant, of course, to have it charged.

The advantages of this to the user are so manifest as hardly to need mention. An actual row of books on a shelf, with permission to examine them and "dip into" them at will, is worth more to the average reader than the best catalogue ever made. Then, if the book wanted is not on the shelf, another can be selected at once without delay. The time of waiting is reduced to a minimum,

or pleasantly employed in examining books, and the attendant's time is saved. Direct contact with many books is itself an education in literature; and curiosity, aroused by the appearance of some work on history or travel, or by a casual glance at one of its illustrations, may cause it to be drawn by one who has heretofore read nothing but fiction.

By the side of these advantages are certain disadvantages which may be reduced to two:—greater opportunity offered to dishonest persons to steal books, and constant liability to disorder on the shelves, due to the fact that books are taken out for examination and put back in the wrong place. These disadvantages of the system were long thought to outweigh its advantages, and until comparatively recent times it was limited to very small libraries. Now, however, it has attained such marked success in large city libraries, such as the public libraries in Cleveland, Ohio, and Denver, Col., and the Free Library in Philadelphia, that it cannot be ignored. Even librarians who hesitate to adopt it are making concessions to it by admitting the public to certain shelves, or at certain times.

The adoption of the system by the New York Free Circulating Library at its two new branches marks its first use in this city at any library having a considerable circulation, although some smaller libraries have employed it. The results so far indicate plainly the necessity for training the public that is to use an open-shelf library, and they also indicate that the public when properly trained can derive more benefit from such a library than from one operated on the old system. These facts are brought out clearly by a comparison of the results at the two new branches—the Riverside, in West 69th Street, which was for three years a small independent library operated on the open-shelf system; and the Yorkville, which is an entirely new library in a more crowded district, Second Avenue and 79th Street.

At the Riverside the public had already become used to the new system when the Free Circulating Library took charge, and although the number of users and the circulation have both increased very much, the new constituents have fallen quickly into the ways of the old. People know where to find the books and how to select them, and there is no waste energy. On the other hand, at the Yorkville Branch, an entirely untrained public, mostly children, was suddenly let loose upon the library. The users had no idea of the meaning of the signs—"Literature," "History," "Fiction," etc., over the shelves, and did not even know what books they wanted. Small boys of twelve years gravely presented odd volumes of Schaff's "*History of the Christian Church*" to be charged to them, and misfits of the same kind were forced on the librarians' attention every few minutes. Books were selected largely by the binding, without regard to the contents. There were dozens who knew with pride the name of one book, and this was usually "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." Hence this book attained at a bound a phenomenal circulation. With the progress of time, however, these conditions are changing, and the Yorkville public is approximating more and more nearly to that of Riverside, with the exception that, as it is located in a more densely populated region, the demand for books will always be larger. The library had not been open two weeks when 573 books had been circulated in one day—and to this result the open-shelf system must have contributed largely.

Of course the adoption of the system is looked upon by the Trustees of the Library as something of an experiment, and while it is a permanency in those branches where it has now obtained a foothold, it would be too soon to predict its early extension to the older branches. For one thing, the adoption of the system would necessitate the entire remodeling of the interior of these branches, and in some cases there would not be room enough for the open-shelf arrangement. In the new system it is desirable that only the walls should be shelved. Alcoves or detached shelves make it impossible for those in charge to see all parts of the room at once. Whereas in the old system the librarians are shut up with the books, away from the public, in the new the public must be shut up with the books apart from the librarians. In the arrangement adopted here, which is practically the same as that used in Philadelphia, the librarians do their work in a space, enclosed by a counter, in the middle of the room, and all the rest is given up to the public. Books are returned as the user passes in through a passage at one side of the counter, and the new ones are charged as he passes out at the opposite side. The arrangement just described makes the theft of any book unlikely, except such as can be concealed in the pocket. The records of other libraries show that while such loss is undoubtedly greater under the new system, the increase is not great enough to counterbalance the advantage to the public.

## The Register of Copyrights

LIBRARIAN YOUNG is making some excellent appointments to the staff of the National Library. That of Mr. Thorvald Solberg, as Register of Copyrights, could not be bettered. How thoroughly the appointee is fitted for the post, nothing could show more clearly than the following biographical sketch:—

Mr. Solberg was born, of Norwegian parents, on 22 April, 1852, at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. He received a common school education, and went into the book business. On 1 May 1876 he entered the Library of Congress as a cataloguer, remaining till May 1889, some eight years of that time being spent in the Law Library. His interest in the work of the Copyright office led to the preparation of his "Bibliography of Literary Property: a Catalogue of Books and Articles Relating to Copyright." This was printed in *The Publishers' Weekly*, in 1885, and reprinted, in book-form, in 1886. In 1887, while in the Library of Congress, he was granted a six months' leave of absence to visit the capitals of Europe and gather information regarding the bibliography of the publications concerning foreign codes and statutes. This afforded him an opportunity to perfect his Bibliography of Copyright by the addition of several hundreds of titles. Becoming interested in the struggle for an International Copyright Law, he prepared a history of the movement, and published it as a pamphlet ("International Copyright in the Congress of the United States, 1837-1886"). In 1888 he served as Secretary *pro tem* in forming (at the suggestion of Mr. Dana Estes of Boston) the International Copyright Association of the District of Columbia, and was elected as its Corresponding Secretary. He took an active part in urging the amendment of the Chace bill, and at the request of the Joint Committee of the Authors' and Publishers' Copyright Leagues submitted a revised text of that bill as it had been passed by the Senate on May 9, 1888, together with a verbal argument in support of the emendations proposed. These were printed in a pamphlet entitled "International Copyright," and the text as amended was adopted by the Committee and printed by order of the Senate, and became substantially the text of the act of 1891.

Mr. Solberg has been a member of the Council of the Authors' Copyright League for eight or nine years. In 1893 he attended, at the invitation of M. Henri Morel, the Director of the International Copyright Bureau at Berne, the Copyright Congress at Barcelona, and (as a member of the International Literary and Artistic Association of Paris) the Copyright Conference at Antwerp. He has contributed copyright articles to *Le Droit d'Auteur*, the official organ of the International Copyright Bureau at Berne, the *Journal du Droit International Privé*, Paris, several German periodicals, *The Critic*, *The Nation* and *The Publishers' Weekly*. He has in manuscript an index of American copyright cases, and an index of all legislation for all countries having copyright laws, from the earliest statutes to date. His collection of copyright literature is interesting and valuable, especially rich in pamphlets, and noticeable for special collections; it includes a set of every English Parliamentary paper and document relating to copyright from 1800 to 1897.

## Prizes for College Graduates

"WITH the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates," *The Century* offers to give, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250 open to persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900. The awards will be as follows:

For the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

For the best essay in the field of biography, history or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand nor more than eight thousand words.

For the best story of not fewer than four thousand nor more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1st of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the editor of *The Century* marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelope, which will not be opened until the decision has been made. It is to be understood that the article submitted has not been previously published. The editor may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize. The magazine reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of

publication. Here, surely, is a proposition that should have an appreciable effect in supplementing the efforts of professional educators to raise the standard of scholarship among the undergraduates of our colleges.

## Education

THE American Exploration Society, which has just been organized in Pennsylvania, is to be separate from but in sympathy with the department of archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania (which has recently achieved such a triumph in Babylonia) and the Archaeological Society. It is the intention to obtain permits from various governments to carry on research. Objects of historical and educational interest will be brought here and, through a system of exchange, all museums in the country will receive benefits from the society.

President Angell of the University of Michigan sailed on the Normandie for Havre on July 17. It is possible that his work in Turkey will not keep him abroad throughout President McKinley's term. The Dean of the Law Department will act as President of the University during his absence.

Washington Corrington, an old and wealthy resident of Peoria, Ill., will leave his entire estate, estimated to be worth between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000, to endow a college. He sets aside forty acres of land for the campus.

Dr. E. D. Smith of Menasha, Wis., has given to the town a tract of land worth \$25,000, for a public library.

The American and Canadian librarians who went to England to attend the International Library Conference have been feted by the municipal authorities of Manchester, Birmingham and other large towns.

An addition to the library building of the Berkshire Athenæum, Pittsfield, Mass., increases the capacity of that institution from 29,000 to 100,000 volumes. Certain city officials have been added to the board of trustees in order to bring the Athenæum into closer contact with the life of the city.

Discovery has been made at Paros of a new fragment of the celebrated Parian Chronicle, part of which is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The fragment includes the chronology of the years B. C. 336 to 299, the period of Alexander and the Diadochi.

Mr. George A. Brill of Poughquog, Dutchess County, New York, who was graduated from Cornell University in 1888, recently received a message from Li Hung Chang offering him a liberal sum to organize and manage a model farm in China under the Government. He is reputed to be one of the best agriculturists in the State, and it is understood that he will soon start for China to enter on his duties.

## Notes

THE MANY READERS of her occasional but valued contributions to *The Critic* will be pleased to hear that the French Academy has awarded Mme. Blanc a prize of 1500 francs for her interesting book on American women.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce "the Polychrome Bible," edited by Prof. Paul Haupt. This is a new English version of the Old Testament, with the composite structure of the books exhibited in polychrome, with historical and explanatory notes and numerous illustrations from nature and the monuments of Egypt and Assyria. In October will appear "Judges," by Prof. George F. Moore, "Isaiah," by Prof. T. K. Cheyne, and "Psalms," by Prof. J. Wellhausen. A large part of the Polychrome Bible has been published with the Hebrew text, but the volumes announced above are the first of the English version.

—Owing to unexpected delays, the authorized story of Queen Victoria's reign will not appear this month, but in October.

—Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson announces for publication through the Century Co. "Songs of Liberty, and Other Poems." The new volume will include such longer pieces as "The Voice of Webster" and "Hands Across Sea," as well as "The Song of the Modern Greeks" and "An Apostrophe to Greece," which had ephemeral publication last year. The collection will contain the series of ballads and lyrics entitled "Paraphrases from the Servian," translated by Mr. Nikola Tesla, the electrical inventor, from the poems of Iovanovich, and versified by Mr. Johnson. Five of the lyrics in the collection have been set to music by Fraulein aus der Ohe.



—The first number of *L'Italia*, a new magazine started in Rome, contains Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera," which Duse produced recently in Paris.

—The Macmillan Co. announces "The Household of the Lafayette" by Edith Sichel, a series of papers, with illustrations, dealing with the period of the Revolution. The same house has in press a translation of Dr. C. Schnabel's "Handbook of Metallurgy," brought up to date.

—Messrs. Appleton will publish Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian" on August 9, simultaneously with its appearance in London.

—Brentanos announce for immediate publication the "Letters to an Unknown" of Prosper Mérimée, translated by Henri Pène du Bois. Mr. du Bois's preface acquaints one intimately with the writer and his period.

—Count Tolstol is reported by *The Daily Mail* to be writing a new novel, the scene of which opens in a law court. A young woman, tried for theft, is sentenced to exile in Siberia. One of the jurymen recognizes her as a victim of his own, with the result that he accompanies her to Siberia and shares her hardships, thus doing penance for his early sin.

—Sir John Skelton, better known as "Shirley," has just died. He was born in Edinburgh in 1831 and wrote a number of books, the most popular of which were the "Table-Talks."

—Cambridge is making up for past municipal extravagances by running each department as inexpensively as possible; hence, there is fear that Elmwood may not be added to the city's park system. Leading citizens have, however, volunteered to raise two-thirds of the \$35,000 necessary for the purchase of Lowell's old home (they have already raised a large part of it), if the city will appropriate the remaining \$12,000, and it is just possible that this arrangement may be put through.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce an English translation by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood of the Polish novel by Mme. Marguerite Poradowska, entitled "Demoiselle Micia."

—Mr. E. S. Martin, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, pays this tribute to a well-known American writer who, as it happened, published most of his books abroad:—"New York has lost a remarkable man in Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, President of the Nineteenth Century Club, who died suddenly of apoplexy on July 10. He was born in 1850, in Montpelier, Vermont, a son of Judge Daniel Pierce Thompson, the author of 'Green Mountain Boys,' and a lineal descendant of Count Rumford. He was graduated from Amherst in 1869, and was admitted to the bar in New York in 1872. From that time until his death he was active and dis-

tinguished, both in his profession and outside of it, in literary and philosophical studies and writings. He was a deep student of metaphysics, and one of the foremost metaphysical writers in this country. He published several books, beginning with 'A System of Psychology' in 1884, was a frequent contributor to the magazines, and an occasional lecturer. He was well known abroad, was a member of the Athenæum Club of London, and a friend and correspondent of Herbert Spencer. In New York he was a member of many clubs—the Century, the Manhattan, the Authors, the Lawyers, and others, and succeeded the late Cortlandt Palmer as President of the Nineteenth Century Club. The unusual scope of his activities makes his loss one that will be acutely felt."

## Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

### QUESTION

1840.—Who is the author of the following lines?

"A little pause in life while daylight lingers,  
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise;  
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,  
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes."

NEW YORK.

G. H.

### ANSWER


1847.—"True Happiness," etc., is from Pollok's "Course of Time," book v., lines 123-7.

EVANSTON, ILL.

H. L. B.

## Publications Received

Appleton's Dictionary of New York, 1897. 30c. D. Appleton & Co.  
Dawson, S. E. The Discovery of America by John Cabot in 1497. The Voyages of the Cabots: Royal Society of Canada. (Pamphlet) E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Dickens, Mamie. My Father as I Recall Him. Ottawa: James Hope & Sons.  
Garland, H. A Member of the Third House. A Spoil of Office. Jason Edwards. E. P. Dutton & Co.  
3 vols. \$3.75. D. Appleton & Co.  
Harnsworth, A. C. Hard Truths from India. London: Daily Mail.  
Horton, G. Aphrœssa. London: T. Fisher Urwin.  
Macmillan's Magazine. July, 1897. Macmillan Co.  
Michel, André. Les Salons de 1897. (Two copies.) Paris: Journal des Débats.  
Monist, The. Vol. VII. Open Court Pub. Co.  
Morris, W. The Hollow Land: Part I. 5c. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.  
Neill, C. P. Daniel Raymond. 50c. Johns Hopkins Press.  
Franklin and Marshall College Obituary Record. Vol. 1. No. 1. Lancaster, Pa.  
Olyphant Mrs. The Ways of Life. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Ouida. Muriella or Le Selve. \$1.25. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.  
Powers L. B. The Missions of California. San Francisco: Wm. Dosey.  
Ramsay, W. M. Impressions of Turkey. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Sharp, Evelyn. The Making of a School-Girl. 35c. John Lane.  
Spenser, E. The Faerie Queene. Book I. Ed. by Kate M. Warren. 50c. Macmillan Co.  
Wright, M. O., and E. Coues. Citizen Bird. \$1.50. Macmillan Co.



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